



Banana Milkshakes and a Headache by everybreatheverymove

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Summary: In which El tries a banana milkshake, Mike's totally enamored, and Dustin narrates their date - much to Mike's annoyance. (Drabble.)

Banana Milkshakes and a Headache

"He raises his hand, reaching for her face so he can sweep her hair out of her-"

"Dustin!"

There's a kick to his shin then and the curly-haired boy shrieks in surprise. He mumbles some profanities, hands still cupped around his mouth from where his narration cut off.

"Stop doing that." Mike scolds him, and his hands are nowhere near El's face now - instead he's dropped them back into his lap and she's brushed the fallen strand of hair away herself. Beside him, El just slurps at her milkshake, eyeing back and forth between the two boys innocently. Her hair, now somewhat blonder from days spent in the sun, curls around her earlobe, accentuating the small gold studs Hopper had given her permission to get last week.

(She'd first taken note of Nancy's earrings at the Wheeler's Fourth of July barbecue. They were silver and sparkly and twirly, and El had been all too captivated by their shimmer in the summer sunlight. Earrings were foreign to her. She had bracelets - some bangles and some bands - and Hopper had even given her a simple heart pendant necklace for Christmas. But once she'd seen the dangly pieces of jewelry hanging from the older girl's earlobes, she'd been determined to have her own ears pierced so she could wear something similar.

Max had offered up her services, rambling on about how all she'd need was a sponge and a needle. Naturally, Hopper wasn't having any of *that*, and he'd enlisted Nancy to take the girl down to the mall so she could get her ears pierced properly. Of course, there'd been some minor pain involved, and El hadn't been happy at having to wear small, boring studs at first. But eventually she came around to liking them - oddly around the same time that Mike happened to tell her that he found them 'cute' on her.)

El bites her straw, the plastic bending between her teeth as she listens to the conversation. She swallows down the banana concoction, sharing a look with Max across the table. The redhead simply grins in

return, rolling her eyes in the boys' direction. El smiles, nodding slightly in agreement.

She can faintly hear the boys bickering beside her, Dustin still narrating every single thing Mike does and says, and Mike complaining the whole time. Lucas and Will have long since escaped to go check out the latest comic books.

"Is it good?" Mike's question brings her out of her daze then, and El whips her head around to look up at him. He's referring to the drink, a thick banana milkshake from Scoops Ahoy! that Steve made her - on the house.

The girl smiles, taking a moment before she nods her response. El reaches for the shake, cheeks flushing as she raises it up to Mike's lips, "Try it."

"Oh, uh," Mike starts, "I don't really like banana." He tells her, and the look of disappointment on her face doesn't go unnoticed.

Max snorts across the table, and she plucks another chocolate chip off of Dustin's abandoned sundae. "Dump him, El."

Before El can lower the drink though, Dustin is holding his hand back up in front of his mouth, mumbling below his breath, "And now his girlfriend is sad. All because Michael didn't wanna share spit."

El frowns in confusion, but it's Mike's reaction that has Dustin cackling behind his fist. "Would you stop?!" The taller boy grumbles, eyes closing in irritation. "Seriously."

"It's not my fault you're so entertaining." Dustin says, and his arms fold over his chest in protest, "If you didn't look at her like that-"

Mike blinks, interrupts, "Like what?"

"Like - and no offense, El - but like she's the best thing since-"

"Do *not* say sliced bread." Max shakes her head.

"Sliced bread." The boy finishes, face smug.

Mike can only roll his eyes, gaze landing on El's face. His lips softly curl and he takes her in, watching as she slurps at the remnants of the drink. She's got the straw back in-between her lips, and her eyes are blown-wide as she meets his stare.

The space between his brows creases in amusement, and Mike beams down at her, "Now I can't try it."

"Oh." She unwraps her hand from around the drink then, placing the empty plastic back on the table. She licks her lips, offers the boy a slight smile as she shrugs, all doe-eyed and sweet, "You said no, so..."

Before she can get another word out, Mike's hand is reaching for her face again. It lands this time, and his fingertips slip just past her hairline as his palm curves around her jaw. He draws her closer by an inch, leaning over in the booth until he can press his mouth against hers. The faintest taste of banana flavors her lips, and Mike grins into the kiss, ignorant to the world around him when-

Dustin whispers, "And so he goes in for the *kill*."